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FEBRUARY

MOVIE
CLASSIC

THE HALLELUJAH TRAIL

MERRY MADCAP ADVENTURES OF
A SOLDIER— A LADY
AND TEN THOUSAND WILD AND WOOLLY WESTERNERS!



BURT LANCASTER — — LEE REMICK

JIM HUTTON PAMELA TIFFIN

THE MIRISCH CORPORATION

PRESENTS

JOHN STURGES'



**THE
HALLELUJAH
TRAIL**



ALSO STARRING

DONALD PLEASANCE

BRIAN KEITH

MARTIN LANDAU

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

JOHN STURGES

SCREENPLAY BY

JOHN GAY

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

BILL GULICK

FILMED IN

ULTRA-PANAVISION

A MIRISCH-KAPPA PICTURE

COLOR BY

RELEASED THRU

TECHNICOLOR UNITED ARTISTS



THE HALLELUJAH TRAIL

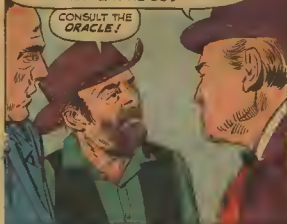
IN NOVEMBER, 1867, AS WINTER APPROACHES THE BUSTLING MINING TOWN OF DENVER, THE MEN OF THE TERRITORY HURRY TO A GRIM MEETING...



QUICKLY, CLAYTON HOWEL CALLS THE MEETING TO ORDER...



POSITIVE! OUR THREE BARTENDERS EACH FIGURED THE OTHER WAS ORDERING AMPLE SUPPLIES BEFORE WINTER CLOSED THE PASSES! SO **NO ONE** ORDERED! NOW, WHAT CAN WE DO?



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IN THE BACK ROOM, ORACLE JONES SLOWLY FORMS HIS VISION...

I SEE IT -- THE BUFFALO FEEDING RAVENOUS! THE BEAVERS WORKING SOMETHING FERCE! IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, HARD WINTER! NO WAGON WILL GET THROUGH -- NO SUPPLIES WILL ARRIVE! BUT I GOT ME A PLAN!

WHAT KIND OF PLAN, ORACLE?

THERE... I SEE IT! I SEE PUTTING THE SUPPLIES ALL INTO ONE BIG SHIPMENT! I SEE A GOOD FIGHTER LIKE FRANK WALLINGHAM GETTING THEM TO US IN TEN -- NO, TWENTY -- NO -- IN FORTY WAGONS!

FORTY WAGONS, I'M WIRING HIM NOW!

TWO DAYS LATER, FRANK WALLINGHAM STORMS INTO THE OFFICE OF THE JULESBURG GAZETTE...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PRINTING *THIS* STORY!

ISN'T IT TRUE, MR. WALLINGHAM?

THAT MAY BE, BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE INDIANS READ THE STORY? FORTY WAGONS OF FIREWATER!

BUT INDIANS DON'T READ NEWSPAPERS!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I'LL HITCH YOU TO A WAGON! MEANWHILE AS A TAXPAYER AND A GOOD REPUBLICAN, I'M TELEGRAPHING COLONEL GEARHART AT FORT RUSSELL TO ESCORT MY WAGONS. PRINT THAT!



AS THE FREIGHTER STOMPS OFF...

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT FEMALE TEMPERANCE LEADER?

YOU MEAN THE LADY WHO'S AGAINST THE DEMON DRINK? CORA MASSINGALE, AND SHE'S HOLDING A RALLY AT FORT RUSSELL!



SEND HER THIS TELEGRAM... "APPROVE YOUR CAMPAIGN AGAINST SPIRITS! ARE YOU AWARE THE U.S. CAVALRY WILL GUARD A SHIPMENT OF FORTY WAGONS OF THIS POISON..."



MEANWHILE, DESPITE THE FACT THAT INDIANS DON'T READ NEWSPAPERS, WORD SPREADS...



SOON, TWO RIVAL CHIEFS MEET...

IT IS FOR MY SIOUX TO WATCH THE WAGON TRAIN!

NO! IT IS FOR MY CROW BRAVES TO MAKE SUCH A RECONNAISSANCE.





AUTHORITIES
ALL AGREE
THAT PERSONAL
DISPUTES AMONG
THE PLAINS
TRIBES ARE
SETTLED
QUICKLY...



THAT
NIGHT
FORT
RUSSELL'S
WOODEN
WALLS
SHAKE
AS THE
RALLYING
WOMEN'S
ROLICKING
TEMPERANCE
HYMNS
ARE
LOUDLY
SUNG...



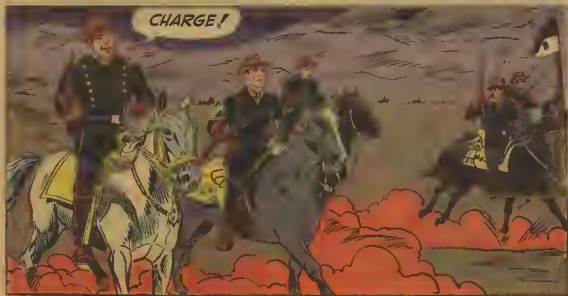
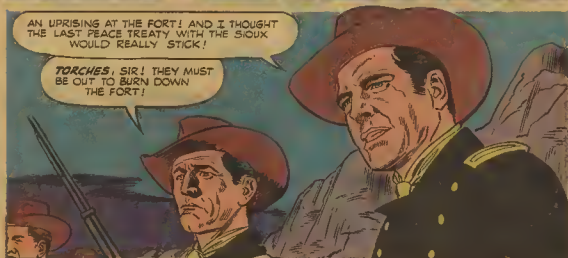
THEN, CORA MASSINGALE SPEAKS...

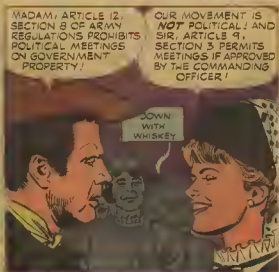
IF WE ARE TO ENJOY **EQUAL RIGHTS** WITH
MEN, WE MUST RESPECT THEM! IF WE
ARE TO RESPECT MEN, WE MUST **SAVE**
THEM FROM THEIR THIRSTY CRAVING
FOR **DEMON RUM!**



AS CAPTAIN SLATER STARTS FORWARD TO COOL
THE MEETING'S GROWING ARDOR, THE COLONEL'S
DAUGHTER LOUISE TAKES HIS ARM...







ER... CAPTAIN SLATER REPORTING, SIR! I WAS ER... HERE TRYING TO KEEP LOUISE AWAY FROM THAT RALLY FOR *YOUR* SAKE, SIR!

HOW CONSIDERATE! BUT WHAT'S LOUISE GOT TO DO WITH THOSE FOOL WOMEN?



REALLY, FATHER! I'M A GREAT ADMIRER OF CORA MASSINGALE! I THOUGHT CAPTAIN SLATER MIGHT TRY TO HALT THE MEETING -- SO I TRIED TO *DIVERT* HIM!



SLATER, WHAT THIS GIRL NEEDS IS A HUSBAND!

IS T-THAT AN ORDER, SIR?



WHY DON'T YOU GET ON WITH IT, SLATER?

THE COLONEL KNOWS MY FEELINGS! THE *WEST* IS NO FIT PLACE FOR A WOMAN!



IT ISN'T A FIT PLACE FOR *ANYONE*! NOT WITH DUST, WIND AND INDIANS! BUT WE HAVE OUR DUTY HERE! YOURS IS TO MEET A WAGON TRAIN COMING FROM JULESBURG AND MAKE CERTAIN IT REACHES DENVER -- INTACT!







MEANWHILE, LABOR TROUBLE HALTS THE WAGONS...

WE IRISH TEAMSTERS HAVE A PETITION OF GRIEVANCES! WE OBJECT TO... TRAVEL HOURS AND HARNESSING! UNHARNESSING! CARRYING FOR MULES! LOADING! UNLOADING! LACK OF MID-MORNING AND MID-AFTERNOON TEA TIME!



ALL FOR NOW!

THEN, KEEP THE WAGONS **ROLLING** WHILE I STUDY YOUR PETITION!



IN DENVER, THE ORACLE'S LATEST VISION SENDS THE MEN OFF NORTH...

YES... I SEE IT! WE MUST GO AND **HELP** THE WAGONS!



LATER, THE ARMY ESCORT ARRIVES...

CAPTAIN SLATER
AT YOUR
SERVICE!

THANKS! TELL
ME HAVE YOU
SEEN ANY
INDIANS?

THERE AREN'T ANY INDIANS WITHIN
A HUNDRED MILES OF HERE! YOUR
TRIP WILL GO OFF PEACEFULLY



WHILE NEARBY...

NOW, LOUISE,
TURN WEST!



MRS. MASSINGALE,
DENVER IS SOUTH...

I KNOW, COLONEL! BUT
WE HAVE DECIDED TO
INTERCEPT THE WAGON
TRAIN AND DESTROY
ITS VICIOUS CARGO
OUT HERE!



THEY WATCH
THE WOMEN
DRIVE ON...

NOW
WHAT
DO WE
DO, SR?

WELL--WE CAN'T STOP THEM!
WE'LL KEEP--DETACHED CONTACT!

WHILE
ALSO
NEARBY...

WHITE MEN ALWAYS WIN WAR! WE WILL USE WHITE
MAN'S TRICKS! SOME BRAVES WILL ATTACK THE
REAR OF THE WAGON TRAIN, OTHERS THE FRONT!
WHEN THEY CHASE OFF THE BRAVES--THE REST
STRIKE THE MIDDLE!

WHEN DO WE
ATTACK FIVE
BARRELS?

WHEN THE SUN IS TWO
HANDS ABOVE IRON
MOUNTAIN!

BUT NEXT MORNING, A SAND STORM RAGES...

IS THE SUN
TWO HANDS
ABOVE IRON
MOUNTAIN?

WHERE IS IRON MOUNTAIN? MORE
IMPORTANT--WHERE IS THE
SUN?

MEANWHILE...

LET WALLINGHAM
THINK WE'RE LOST
IN THIS STORM AND
HE'LL GIVE IN
TO OUR JUST
DEMANDS!



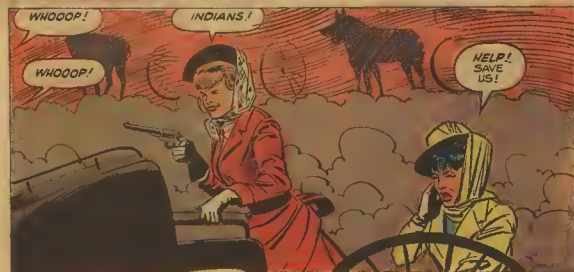
NEARBY...

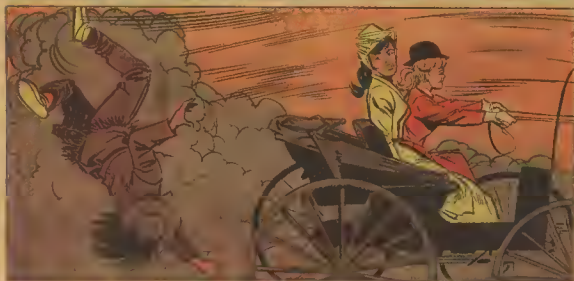
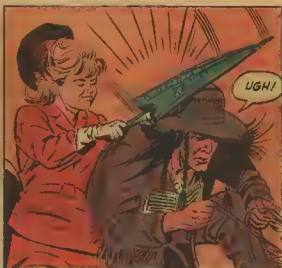
DON'T LOSE CONTACT WITH
THE WOMEN! RIDE CLOSER!



KEEP TOGETHER NOW!
STAY TOGETHER!







WITH WAR WHOOPS THE SOUX CHARGE -- OTHER SOUX...

WHOOOP!
WHOOOP!

WHOOOP??

INDIAN
ATTACK
SIR.

ONE SQUAD CUT TO THE RIGHT,
THE OTHER TO THE LEFT! WE'LL
ENCIRCLE THE INDIANS!

CHARGE!

A MOMENT LATER, THE BRILLIANT MANEUVER IS COMPLETED...

THERE ARE THE
INDIANS!

GET THOSE REDSKINS!



WHY, COLONEL GEARHART! MY VISION
SAID I MIGHT BE SEEING YOU SOON!

GENTLEMEN, AS SOON AS THIS SILLY SAND STOPS
BLOWING, WE'LL HOLD A CONFERENCE OF *ALL* FORCES!

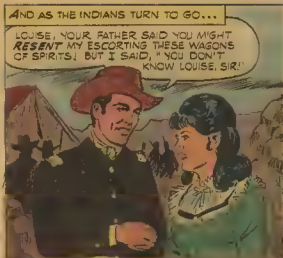
LATER...

FIVE BARRELS, *WHAT* ARE YOUR BRAVES
DOING *OFF* THEIR RESERVATION?

HUNT BUFFALOS
IN PEACE!

THEN LONG KNIVES ATTACK PEACEFUL INDIANS! THIS PAPER SAY WE PEACEFUL CITIZEN!
NOW, WE GO HOME -- BUT FIRST, YOU GIVE US *PRESENT*!

WE'LL DO THAT...
AT CHRISTMAS TIME!



THAT NIGHT, AS ALL PARTIES CAMP, BINOCULARS
FOCUS ON ONE COUPLE...

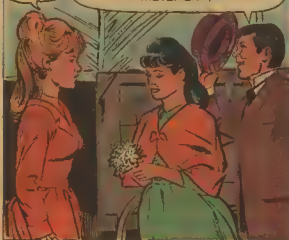


AND THE COLONEL SAID I WAS ONLY
TO **OBSERVE** AND REPORT!



OH! I'M
TERRIBLY
SORRY!

FAITH, IT'S NOTHING, MA'AM! LOUISE
WAS JUST INSTRUCTING ME ON THE
FINE PRINCIPLES OF YOUR GREAT
MOVEMENT!



YES, THE GOAL OF LABOR'S RIGHTS AND
WOMAN'S RIGHTS ARE NOT FAR APART!
PERHAPS, WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER!

AND WHY NOT?

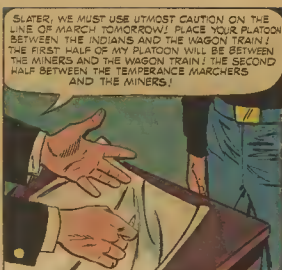
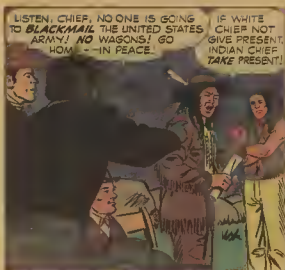


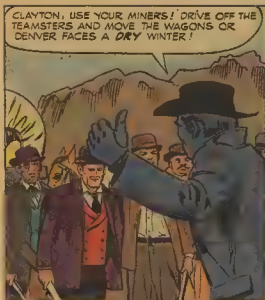
MEANWHILE, AT
THE CAMPFIRE...

COLONEL ASK *WHY* SIOUX STILL HERE! WE WAIT
FOR **PRESENT** NOW -- NOT TILL CHRISTMAS! AND
FOR PRESENT, ONLY WANT TWENTY WAGONS!

T-TWENTY
WAGONS!







LATER, FEARFUL OF NOT OBEYING ORACLE'S VISION, THE TEAMSTERS DRIVE TO POWDERHORN BEND...



THAT NIGHT, AS ALL PARTIES CAMP BY THE BOG, THE INDIAN CAMP THROBS TO THE RALLY ROUSING DRUMS...

♪ WE'RE MARCHING ON DENVER! SINFUL DENVER! HALLELUJAH!



HALLELUJAH! NOW! NOW!

NOW, FIVE BARRELS, WE WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO SIGN THE PLEDGE!

UGH, HERE MY "X"!

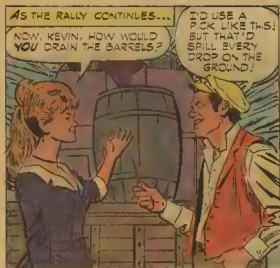


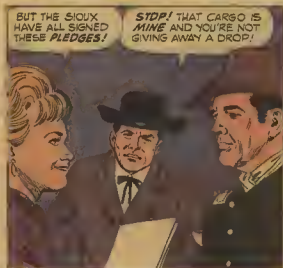
MINUTES LATER...

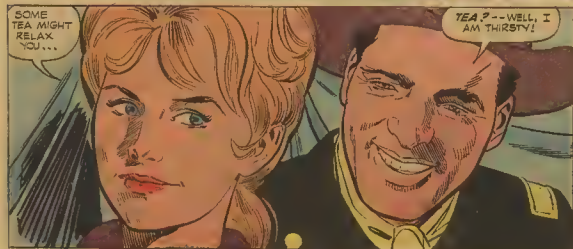
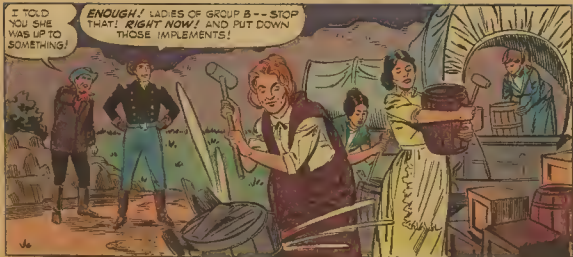
IT *IS* CORRECT, SIR! CORA MASSINGALE HAS THE INDIANS SIGNING THE PLEDGE *NOT* TO DRINK FIREWATER!

FANTASTIC WOMAN! WHY, IF SHE HAD JOINED THE ARMY SHE'D BE A **GENERAL** BY NOW.











MEANWHILE... FRANK, IT'S ALL FIXED!
AT DAWN, THE DENVER MINERS
WILL DRIVE THE THIRTY OTHER
WAGONS OFF ACROSS
QUICKSAND BOTTOMS!

YOU CRAZY ORACLE?
WE'LL ALL **SINK**
THERE.

NOPE! TWO YEARS BACK, WHEN SIOUX
CHASED ME, I GAVE MY HORSE HIS HEAD
AND HE PICKED HIS WAY SAFELY ACROSS
THE QUICKSAND BOTTOMS! TONIGHT, I
FOLLOWED HIM AND **MARKED** A SAFE
TRAIL FOR THE WAGONS TO TAKE! AS WE
PASS, WE PULL UP THE MARKERS AND **NO**
ONE CAN FOLLOW
US TO DENVER!

DAWN...

THE WAGONS THEY'RE HANDING OVER TO THE INDIANS ARE
LOADED WITH **CHAMPAGNE**! THE SIOUX WON'T KNOW HOW
TO HANDLE THE WAGONS LIKE WE DO! WHEN CHAMPAGNE
IS WARM, IF IT GETS **BOUNCED** MUCH, IT EXPLODES!

REALLY?
WHAT A
USEFUL
FACT!

THE TRADE IS MADE! THE TEN WAGONS ARE EXCHANGED FOR ALL THE WOMEN...

LOUISE, YOU'RE
SAFE!

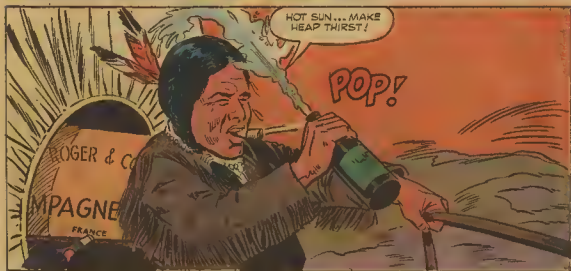
BUT AT WHAT A COST TO MY
PRINCIPLES--FOR A BARREL
OF **FIREWATER**!

THE SIOUX EAGERLY MOUNT THE
WAGONS... AND AS THEY BOUNCE
WILDLY IN THE HOT SUN...

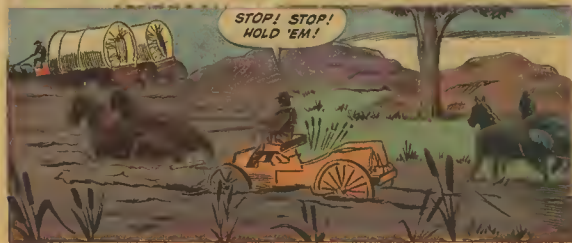


HOT SUN... MAKE
HEAP THIRST!

POP!







WALLINGHAM'S WARNINGS ARE TOO LATE... AND HE LOOKS AROUND TO SEE HIS PRECIOUS CARGO
SINK SLOWLY... INTO THE BOG...



ALL THEY
CAN SAVE
ARE THE
WAGONS
AND
SOON...

ORACLE, YOU SAID...

I KNOW WHAT I SAID! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT-- AND I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH!



HOURS LATER...

ORACLE, WHY
DON'T WE GET
UP AND FORGET
IT?

NO, FRANK, WAIT! SOMETIMES THE BOG THROWS
THE STUFF BACK UP! IT MAY TAKE HOURS-- A
DAY-- WEEKS-- YEARS-- BUT THINK OF ALL
THOSE BARRELS RISING
UP BEFORE US-- WHAT
A VISION!



ELSEWHERE...

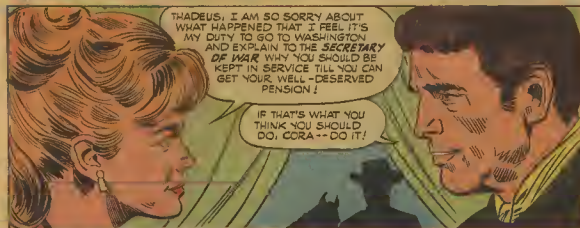
SIR, I'VE COME TO REALIZE I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER!

GLAD YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES, SLATER! STATIONED EAST OR WEST, A MAN NEEDS A WOMAN IN THE ARMY! I'LL ARRANGE FOR A MILITARY WEDDING AT THE FORT!



THADEUS, I AM SO SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THAT I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO GO TO WASHINGTON AND EXPLAIN TO THE *SECRETARY OF WAR* WHY YOU SHOULD BE KEPT IN SERVICE TILL YOU CAN GET YOUR WELL-DESERVED PENSION!

IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK YOU SHOULD DO, CORA--DO IT!



SIR, ARE YOU LETTING HER GO TO WASHINGTON?

SHE'LL NEVER REACH THERE AND WRECK MY CAREER FOR GOOD! I'VE A WAY TO STOP HER! I'VE A WAY.



LATER, AT FORT RUSSELL, THE BAND BLARES HAPPILY AT A *DOUBLE WEDDING CEREMONY!* AND PEACE IS RESTORED IN THE WEST... FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!



DESERTS OF THE WORLD

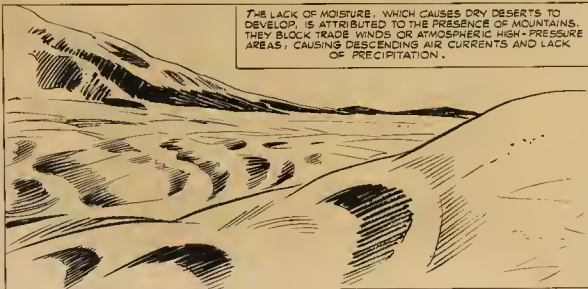
ONE-FIFTH OF THE WORLD'S LAND IS DESERT. A DESERT IS GENERALLY THOUGHT OF AS A DRY REGION, AT LEAST PARTIALLY COVERED BY SAND, WITH SLIGHT VEGETATION AND CERTAIN ACCLIMATED ANIMAL LIFE ...



BUT THERE IS ANOTHER KIND OF DESERT-- THE HIGH-ALTITUDE DESERT--WHICH IS OFTEN CONSTANTLY COVERED BY SNOW AND ICE. EUROPE IS THE ONLY CONTINENT WITHOUT ANY DESERTS, ALTHOUGH IT DOES HAVE SEMIDESERTS AROUND THE BLACK AND CASPIAN SEAS, IN THE UKRAINE, AND IN THE NORTHERN CAUCASUS...



THE LACK OF MOISTURE, WHICH CAUSES DRY DESERTS TO DEVELOP, IS ATTRIBUTED TO THE PRESENCE OF MOUNTAINS. THEY BLOCK TRADE WINDS OR ATMOSPHERIC HIGH-PRESSURE AREAS, CAUSING DESCENDING AIR CURRENTS AND LACK OF PRECIPITATION.





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wink last year I got
a nicks. Xmas Packs
really sell fast."
Stephen Light, N. Y.

"My Xmas Packs
sold so fast I couldn't
believe it. Had them
all sold in an hour."
Cathy Caple, N. C.

"I thought they sold
fast before, but this
year unbelievable
fast. No more."
David Bradford, Mo.

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State..... Zip.....



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